Western Carolinian.

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The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Tuesday, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable at the end of six months.

☞No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editors.

Whoever will become responsible for the payment of nine papers, shall receive a tenth *gratis*.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted on the customary terms.

No advertisement inserted until it has been paid for, or its payment assumed by some person in this town, or its vicinity.

☞All letters to the editors must be *post-paid*, or they will not be attended to.

Wilkinson & Horah,

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE STATE BANK,

MAIN-STREET, SALISBURY,

WOULD inform the inhabitants of this place and its vicinity, that they intend carrying on WATCH and CLOCK REPAIRING, GOLD and SILVER SMITHING—and that they have procured from the city of New-York workmen of the first rate, and also the necessaries for manufacturing Jewelry and Silver-Ware.

The subscribers return their thanks to the public for favors already received, and hope, by a faithful application, to merit the continuance of a share of public patronage. Those who favor them with their custom, may rely on having their work done in the best manner.

Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, carefully repaired, and warranted to keep time.

☞Orders from the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—A supply of Watches, Jewelry and Silver-Ware, constantly kept on hand.

CURTIS WILKINSON,
6tf H. HORAH.

JOHN NORRIS,

TAILOR, FROM ENGLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Citizens of Salisbury, and its vicinity, that he has commenced the

TAILORING BUSINESS,

In the house formerly occupied by Messrs. Wood and Krider, and where he intends carrying it on in the most fashionable manner, in all its various branches, with the greatest neatness and despatch. He pledges himself that no exertion on his part shall be wanting to deserve the public patronage, which he respectfully solicits.

☞Orders promptly executed.

Salisbury, N. C. June 20, 1820.——4w3

THE CELEBRATED HORSE NAPOLEON,

NOW in full health and vigor, will stand the Fall Season at my plantation, seven miles west of Salisbury, at the moderate price of *fifteen dollars* the season, which sum may be discharged by the payment of *twelve dollars*, if paid at any time within the season; *eight dollars* the single leap, and *twenty dollars* for insurance; which will be demanded as soon as the mare is discovered to be with foal, or the property is transferred. The season will commence the 15th of August, and end the 15th of November. Pasturage will be furnished gratis. Mares sent from a distance will be kept on moderate terms. Proper care and attention will be paid, but not liable for accidents or escapes of any kind.

August 1, 1820. MICHAEL BROWN.

Description.—NAPOLEON is a beautiful sorrel, nine years old last spring, sixteen hands and one inch high, of most excellent symmetry, and possesses as much power and activity as any horse on the continent; and as a race horse, stands unrivalled. M. B.

Pedigree.—Sky-Scraper, the sire of Napoleon, was got by Col. Holmes's famous imported horse Dare Devil, who was bred by the Duke of Grafton, and got by Magnet, out of Hebe; Hebe was got by Chrysolite, out of an own sister to Eclipse. Sky-Scraper's dam was the celebrated running mare Oracle, who was got by Obscurity; his grand-dam by Celar, his grand-dam by the imported horse Partner. Obscurity, Celar and Partner, were all fine bred horses, descended from the best blood in England. Slow-and-Easy, the dam of Napoleon, was got by the imported horse Baronet; her dam, called Camilla, was got by Cephalus; her dam, who was sister to Brilliant and Bunel's Traveller, was got by Old Traveller; her grand-dam by Fear-Nought, out of Col. Bird's famous imported mare Killister. (Signed) JOHN ALLSTON.

Performance.—I do hereby certify, that Napoleon has run four races, which he has beat with great ease; the last over the Salisbury turf, three mile heats, beating Branch's Sir Druid, Singleton's bay Horse, and Jones's Colt. Branch's and Singleton's horses he distanced. He has never been brought to the track since. And I do recommend him as a sure foal-getter. 5w8

(Signed) JOHN THOMPSON.

In Rowan Court of Equity.

Alexander Long, versus *Lewis Beard, Jonathan Merrell, Moses A. Locke.*

THE depositions of Thomas Todd, Thomas Hartley, George Willis, sen. Samuel Sillamon, John Clements, Nicholas Simpson, John Travis, and others, will be taken on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of June next, at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury; and if not all taken on that day, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-fifth and twenty-seventh days of July next; and, if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of those not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth days of August next; and, if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of September next; and, if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the sixth and seventh days of October next. Which depositions are intended to be read as evidence on the trial of this suit; and when and where you may attend, and cross-examine, if you think proper.

ALEX'R LONG, Sen.

May the 23d, 1820.——9w1

Inserted by request of MOSES A. LOCKE.

BLANKS, OF VARIOUS KINDS,
For sale, at the Office of the CAROLINIAN

AGRICULTURAL.

Like the first mortals blest is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confessed his father's toil.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

THE GREAT DESIDERATUM.

To prevent *fly* from destroying turnips, always choose a piece of *poor* land for your turnip patch, plough and harrow it until you get it very fine, then manure it well with ashes, or *well rotted* stable manure; sow your turnip seed with *Indian meal*, that you may see whether you sow it too thick or too thin, then *harrow* in the seed with an iron tooth harrow, be not afraid of putting them in too deep—if you *bush them in*, they are scarcely covered, they are up before the root has taken any hold, and lying on the surface of the ground, they nearly all perish the first dry spell that follows after their coming up, and you find it very convenient, without further inquiry, to cry out—Oh! the cursed fly has eat up all my turnips; but choose poor land, make it *fine* and *rich*, and cover your seed deep, and the *fly* will fly away to your neighbors. The advice here given rests on the authority and practice of an experienced cultivator, on the Reisterstown road, who has not missed a crop of turnips for thirty years. For the common turnip, sow between the 20th and the last day of July. If you want them *sweet*, a week or ten days later will make them so.

Diseases in Horses.

How to treat dry, hard, and brittle Feet.

To ease pain in a horse's foot, or to make a dry, hard, brittle or contracted foot supple and expand, I know nothing equal to boiled linseed, applied warm to the foot.

Of Wounds in the Feet.

When the foot be wounded by picking up a nail, cut by glass, or by some other accident, in which case gravel may have got into the foot, it will be necessary to apply a common poultice with Venice turpentine, to draw the gravel out.

Never grease Horse's hoofs, but dab them with Chamberlie.

Never on any account grease a horse's hoof, which all-wise John Grooms do, as they say, to keep it from cracking; grease has a contrary effect. Take your horses out from the clean straw and dab their hoofs well, morning and evening, with stale chamberlie.

Different effects of Chamberlie and Grease on a Horse's hoof.

Take a dry hoof of a horse, cut it in half, steep one half for several days in a pot of chamberlie, and the other in a pot of grease; take them out, wash them both clean, and lay them aside. In a short time you will find the one steeped in chamberlie tough, genial, and pliant, the other steeped in grease, will be hard and brittle: this has been tried. You may anoint the coronet of the foot with a little fresh grease, but no other part.

Of Splints, how to treat them.

Provided a splint lies on the bone of the leg, so as not to impede the action of the sinew, I recommend, by all means, to let it alone and do nothing to it; but, if it lies near the sinew, it must be taken away. The best method I am acquainted with, is to rub it with a round stick, till it feels somewhat soft, then prick it in many places with a bodkin or packing-needle, moderately hot; be sure to make two or three holes quite at the bottom. A gentle blister will then reduce it.

Of Spavins and Ring-bones.

With spavins and ring-bones I will have nothing to do. Send for a skilful veterinary surgeon. It requires skill and practice to operate on the vein in blood-spavins, and I believe bone-spavins, generally incurable: at least the horse will not have the free use again of his joint; and ring-bones are very bad maladies.

Of Corns.

Corns should be clean cut out, and a wide *wash* extended from the shoe, in the form of two-thirds of a circle, and about two inches broad, over the part where the corn was, to guard it from sharp stones, gravel, &c. I do not approve of a bar shoe, it confines the dirt in the foot too much.

Of Lameness in the shoulder: infallibly how to distinguish it from Lameness below.

A horse cannot easily be lamed in the shoulder, except from a fall, a blow, or from running against some hard substance. But wise John Grooms and the farrier, provided they know not where the lameness really lies, swear the horse is lame in the shoulder; whereas the lameness is in their heads, and not in the horse's shoulder.

I will give you an infallible method to know whether a horse be lame in the shoulder or not. When you trot the horse, if he be lame in the shoulder, the muscles are affected, so as to prevent his extending that leg, or stepping out so far with it, as he will with the other leg; he will step considerably shorter with that leg. When the lameness lies below, he will extend the lame leg as far as the other; but, when he puts the foot to the ground, will shew lameness. If the cause of lameness be not very visible to the eye, you may rest assured it lies in the foot or fetlock joint; in this case, send for a veterinary surgeon; for, to cure it, great skill and practice is necessary, and a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the foot, and fetlock joint. I have known several horses totally spoiled by lameness in the feet, and never fit for any other use but to draw a cart or waggon, where they never are forced beyond a walk.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

"Woman, with inborn rectitude, displays
A finer sense of what is right and fit,
Than we by our philosophy acquire,
With all the aid that education lends."

Those whose minds have been habitually subjected to the pursuits of worldly gain, can seldom derive from the objects of creation any pleasure unconnected with pecuniary interest; but estimate every thing as the Spaniards did their discoveries in America, only in proportion to the gold it produces. But to minds expanded by the genial rays of intellectual light; to hearts susceptible of the finest feelings of our nature, the universe teems with pleasures. Such can drink joys from innumerable fountains, and luxuriate in those intellectual and imperishable delights, which approach the enjoyment of angels.—They can meditate with calm solemnity in the mellow beams of an autumnal morn, smiling serenely upon the slumbering world beneath, or gaze with rapture at her meek but glorious orb,

"Wheeling, unshaken, through the void immense."

They can exult with gratitude in the prolific glow of a summer sun, or penetrate, with the eye of the understanding, the gloomy darkness of a wintry night, and read the glories of the most high, charactered on the breast of the storm. Whithersoever their steps are directed, they can find something to please and to instruct—something which bears the impress of the wisdom and goodness of Him who rules over all. They can find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

But in no object of creation is that wisdom and goodness so interestingly manifested, as in that kind and sympathizing soother of our cares, lovely woman. How much our glory and moral grandeur depends upon her influence, is too seldom acknowledged. From her we receive our earliest, most permanent, and consequently most important impressions. The seeds of the intellect germinate under the immediate influence of the mother; under her care the "tender thought is reared;" her plastic hand gives direction to the scions of the understanding and the heart, and "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

It is remarked by Dr. Rush, that "there have been few great men who were not blessed with wise and prudent mothers." Woman stamps the character of man, stimulates him to glory by her smiles, or debases him by her frowns: She rules over the destiny of nations; and, in fine, governs the whole moral world.

How anxiously, how sedulously, then, should my fair country-women cultivate the faculties of the mind, and cherish the virtues of the heart. I would not recommend a thorough acquaintance with the abstruse branches of metaphysics and philosophy, nor too much attention to external accomplishments; but a sufficiency of the one to refresh the intervals of domestic business, and of the other to cheer the declining years of life. Too much of the first is apt to engender fastidiousness and pedantry; of the latter, a disgusting insipidity of character. But I would most earnestly entreat them to study diligently the human character; to penetrate the motions of all human actions; to dive into the secret recesses of the heart; to search curiously the roots of all the passions; to discover the causes and cure of the evil ones, and the most wholesome nutriment of the good. And where are these things to be learned? In your own breasts, my fair country-women. Study yourselves, if you wish to acquire a knowledge of human nature, and the love and admiration of men; for be assured, you are the most interesting books in the world, to those who are worthy of that name. Many of you (I hope all) will be wives—in this event, the importance of self-knowledge and self-government is obvious. Without these, none can taste those pure intellectual pleasures, which were designed by the author of our nature to dignify man. Without these, your lives will be a tempestuous sea, subject to the influence of impetuous passions, and ruffled by every breeze that may blow in opposition to the capricious tide of your inclination.

"With thee conversing, we contemplate all
That Providence bestows to heal our cares,
Correct our errors, and refine our hearts."

FARRAGO.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

CORSETS.

Messrs. Editors: You, as men of observation, must have remarked the predominant influence *fashion* exercises over juvenile minds, especially of *females*. No sooner is a new fashion announced from the *beaumonde*, than it "takes wings, and flies away," in every point of the compass: It catches like tinder, and spreads with the rapidity of wild-fire: The yard-stick of the shop-keeper, the needle of the seamstress, and the scissors of the milliner, are all put in requisition upon the occasion.

"Then all the birds, of varied feather,
Whom kindred feeling knits together,"

By a simultaneous impulse, assemble, *momentanee*, to settle the color, the quality, and the *quantity*, of their new-fashioned dresses.

The unconquerable propensity in young people to ape the fashions of the day, often leads them into the most ridiculous, and sometimes very barbarous extremities. What can be more unnatural and cruel, than for a healthy, beautiful young lady to swathe herself up in one of those evil-conceived, torturing machines styled *corsets?* Tottering about as though she had but one joint in her, and that at the root of her tongue; or sitting braced and *fixed* up on a sofa, or in a chair, so helpless, and apparently lifeless, that one might, were she *noiseless*, too, very naturally mistake her for a marble statue, fresh from the chisel of the sculptor. Indeed, Messrs. Editors, although I have always been very cautious of touching these *things*, for fear they would *break off*, as brittle as a clay pipe-stem, I did, once or twice, actually begin to examine one, with the scrutizing eye of an admirer of the fine arts: and even after it spoke, I could not convince myself but that it was a trick of some ventriloquist, to deter me from viewing the noble specimen of the sculptor's genius, until it moved, and I discovered, to my no small discomfiture, that it was, *bona fide*, flesh and blood; and that the vital spark of life, notwithstanding it was confined to a very narrow tube, by means of external pressure, was still glimmering in its once expanded and glowing socket.

The rage for wearing corsets once spread with such a contagious sweep, that it was not only *caught* by a herd of non-descript males, (dubb'd *dandies*,) but extended even to the witless slave. The untimely death of a poor old female negro, in Virginia, about a year ago, who was determined to follow her young mistresses in the fashion, and accordingly laced tight to her shriveled old carcase the handle of a broken frying-pan, in which condition she was found dead in a corn field where she had been at work, must be fresh in the recollection of every one.

I feel a peculiar pride and satisfaction in beholding the pleasing contrast most of the young ladies of Salisbury exhibit to that rickety tribe, who are so marvellously deficient in most of the physical qualifications belonging to the human species. In fact, I believe our ladies never did carry the rage for wearing corsets to such obstinate lengths as has been done in some of the northern towns.—I recollect an acquaintance of mine, in one of

the great cities to the north, a sprightly, red-cheeked girl of about 18 or 19, whom I once took occasion to rally, on accidentally perceiving she held in her hand a whalebone corset. No sooner had my eye caught it, than she darted it, as quick as lightning, under the music book on her piano.

O don't put that thing on, Nancy—don't, I say,
But cast the pernicious machine far away,
I caution'd her sincerely.

Begone! I *will* wear it, while God spares my breath,
Tho' it's fatal to me....e'en fatal to death!
She retorted severely.

But this is mildness compared to the obstinate perverseness I have had to encounter, and the gibing slants I have had to pocket, in the course of my opposition to the use of corsets. But the young ladies of Salisbury, with the exception of a few *old* offenders, seem to have cast off such unbecoming appendages as worthless frippery, and content themselves with appearing in a *shape* nature designed them to appear in—their muscular systems unstrained, and they left free to move and act with unaffected ease and native gracefulness.

The philosophic mind seeks a cause for all effects—and were I to assign a cause why the young ladies of Salisbury, and its vicinity, are more divested of the fantastic trappings of ridiculous fashions than those of many other towns, I should, unhesitatingly, point to our excellent *Female Academy*, as the great agent.—There the useful and ornamental branches of education have not alone been taught—principles of domestic economy, as well as simplicity of manners and virtuous habits, have also been inculcated.

But what a contrast does the moral character of some young gentlemen exhibit to this lively picture of our females! Sipping at the fountain of sensuality, they become enamoured of the goddess of licenciousness, and recline in her lap, benumbed by ebriety, and dumb to all sense of morality, honor or shame. O, my fellow-associates! reach me your hands—I will pull with my might, to get you out of the miry slough into which you have voluntarily entered.

ALERED.

TO THE EDITORS.

The mountains labored with prodigious throes,
And lo! a mouse ridiculous arose.....HORACE.

Gentlemen—I have been a subscriber to your paper from its commencement, and have employed what little influence I possess in my neighborhood, to increase the number of your patrons. I have felt a pride in laying the pages of the CAROLINIAN before my neighbors, and asking them to point out one unchaste thought, one indelicate expression, which might offend the most rigidly virtuous, or cause a blush to suffuse the cheek of modesty: But I could not exhibit your last number thus triumphantly. No—I felt mortified, and anxious to conceal the paper from every eye, and particularly from that of my better half, well knowing that she would ring so loud a peal on some expressions in it, that my head would not recover from the jar for a month. To come to the point: Sirs. I was surprised that you should permit so nonsensical a piece as the one said to be from an "association of women," to stain your pages; and I was equally surprised that you should so far forget the deference due to the understanding and taste of your readers, as to offer it to their perusal.

I was puzzled to discover the meaning or intention of the author. A few scattered ideas, and not at all connected with each other, seemed to have been floating in his mind, which he laid hold of at random, and by forcing them into an unnatural connection, destroyed what little meaning they might have conveyed, in their original insulated state. Like the hero of the poet of Strenham, his genius appears to be factitious, and to understand things

.....by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote:
No matter whether right or wrong,
They must be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great 'dolts' have done.

I was in Salisbury on the day when the second number of "the Club" appeared, and witnessed the excitement which it produced among a certain class, and heard some hints thrown out that it would be answered; I little thought, however, that such an attempt would be made. But it seems the *cacoethes scribendi* has infected some wonderful genius, whose facial angle, I should judge, must be of about the same dimension as a gander's—some self-conceited, beardless, brainless stripling, who has outraged all common sense, and resolved,

.....in spite
Of nature and his stars, to write.

And what can exhibit a more complete paucity of meaning, than the string of words which compose his masterly exordium. "As it is natural," &c. To me it as unintelligible as a page of Hebrew; and I doubt whether any of your lawyers, who are able to make nothing *something*, and words mean any thing and every thing,—can turn, twist, or torture them into plain, common parlance.

But the climax of this writer's folly, is his endeavoring to palm himself upon the public as one of the "women folks," and as the champion of the ladies! as one of an "association of women," who are to stand forth "*like Hector*," yes, "*like Hector*," to defend their reputations! O learned ladies! O most *appropriate* simile! And then the learned dissertation of this lady, alias dunce, on the nature of peas; and a very delicate one, too! Sirs, from this dirty and foolish piece, such country fellows as myself, would be led to conclude that the ladies of Salisbury are exact counterparts of Mary Wolstonecraft in principle, and as unlike her as possible in intellect, were it not that every line of this writer exposes his gender, as well as his ignorance. He had the folly to attempt, what he lacked sense to accomplish; and if my poor intellect were capable of understanding it, I would here apply to this wiseacre the beautiful simile with which he closes his nondescript production: I have some vague, indefinite idea of its meaning, but for fear it may not hit, I will e'en let it rest where it is. I shall not notice the very feminine phrases of "high strikes," "blue devils," and, O ye Gods! the "more fashionable" phrase of "*azure demons*," nor the truly delicate query about the figure of the President; I shall leave that part to the ladies themselves, to whom you must answer for so gross a libel on their characters.

This writer's object is evidently to be witty; but instead of that he is superlatively ridiculous. I cannot discover a single smart or witty thing in the whole of his labored jingle—nothing that indicates genius, or even a mediocrity of talent. It is all rant and fustian—a motley mass of words and phrases jumbled together, the *tout ensemble* of which is folly. Yet it may, after all, be productive of some good—it may teach the writer, (who, I suspect, is some stripling just entering his teens,) that writing is not his vocation—and that if he wishes not to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world, he must cease to wield the pen—or at least keep the labors of his goose quill "nine years," before he *thinks* of offering them to the public. But if he will follow the advice of a friend, he will renounce writing for the public from this time forward and forever, as he will always be apt to receive a most ungracious reception; for very few will be willing to pay away their money for nonsense: and very few, Messrs. Editors, will feel any considerable interest in the success of a paper which is made the vehicle of folly—a receptacle for the spoutings of ignorance, and the balderdash of would-be-wits.

"The Club," so far as my information extends, have met with general approbation. The end they aim at is truly laudable, and deserving the countenance and support of every good man, every well-wisher to the rising generation. They have told some plain truths, and it was necessary they should—they have applied a severe caustic, but the disease required it—for inveterate diseases, it is well known, often require violent remedies. But they have not struck out into a new path; they are only following in the old one, which the Spectators, and the Guardians, and the Howards, as every one of even common information knows, have trodden before them; and with those lights and those examples to guide, and the good which they have achieved to encourage them, they need not be discouraged or deterred by the trifling obstacles which *interested* individuals and ignorant dolts may throw in their way. The language of every man of virtuous principle, is—*Persevere*—expose vice and folly—'hold the mirror up to life,' that the vicious may see the deformity and consequences of vice, and the virtuous the beauty and precious immunities of virtue

Gentlemen, you must pardon my boldness, and excuse the freedom with which I have written. But I thought the piece alluded to in your last number, demanded severe reprehension—I tho't you erred, marvellously erred, in giving it a place in your columns—and I likewise thought that you ought not only to be reminded of the improper indulgence you had granted, but also be reproved a little for it. Yours, &c.

RURICOLA.

INTELLIGENCE.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.

Foreign.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Extracts from the late debate in the British House of Commons, on the Droits of the Crown.

Mr. *Brougham* said—In 1817, the sum of 130,000*l.* fell to the crown, in consequence of the demise of a rich lunatic—at least, so he understood. In 1807, an individual who had no heirs died intestate; his property, to the amount of 47,000*l.* went to the crown. In 1816, the crown got possession of 62,000*l.* in the same way.

Other sums, much larger in amount, were supplied from different sources. In 1804, prize money to the amount of 105,000*l.* was received on one occasion. In the same year, there was another sum of 40,000*l.*, and a third of 55,000*l.* In 1806, those droits were augmented by 155,000*l.*; and at one period there came in nearly the whole proceeds of the Dutch prizes, amounting to 1,657,000*l*—(Hear, hear.)—From the Spanish condemnations, the sum of 2,200,000*l.* was derived! So that large sums were not wanting in the list more than small ones. Two millions two hundred thousand pounds *were acquired by attacking unarmed, defenceless men!*—(hear, hear.)—men who knew of no reason for such a proceeding, except that they had dollars on board their ships. He vowed to God he had never yet talked to a British officer on the subject—he had never spoken of it to a gallant officer with whom he had the honor of being connected, and who had the misfortune of taking a part in the transaction—but the events of *that day, were described as sufficient to make an English seamen hang his head with shame.*

There was another source, too, of great importance, though not so productive as those to which he had alluded, the proceeds of which were applicable to the same purpose. He meant the revenue derivable from the Leeward Islands, from Gibraltar, from Scotland, &c. which amounted to a very large sum. How was it disposed of? In pensions!

When he recollected the case of Sir Home Popham, he could not but join in opinion with those who declared that those funds were sometimes abused. At the end of a long war, when a peace of proportionate length was supposed to have been attained, that gallant officer, feeling all the ardor of a high and generous mind, and disliking sloth, inactivity and idleness, sought the field of his former glory, the theatre of his bold achievements. Enamoured of glory, and wishing to gain new laurels by exploits on the ocean, where he had already been so successful, he engaged *in a smuggling transaction!* (Loud laughter.) Different men sought fame by different roads. One individual looked for it in the field of battle, where he would, perhaps, find death; another sought for it through the medium of smuggling, and found captors—(a laugh.) The gallant officer having procured simulated papers, and all other instruments necessary for his purpose, preceeded on board his ship, which he named the Etrusco. He sailed for the East-Indies, where he arrived in safety. But the best conducted enterprizes sometimes failed, particularly on an element which was as proverbial for its uncertainty as it was famous for the glorious scenes that had been acted on it. Com. Robinson unfortunately fell in with and captured this contrabandist, (a laugh;) and his vessel was condemned by a competent jurisdiction. But how did the matter end? Instead of handing over the proceeds of the ship and cargo to the captor, who had done his duty to the country, 25.000*l.*, and the expenses of the suit, were given to the gallant officer, to comfort him under his disappointment. (Hear, hear.) And if that were not comfort sufficient, *fifty thousand pounds were granted to him out of this valuable droit of the crown.* Sir Home Popham, it appeared, was a man of fine feelings—indeed, the man of sentiment and the hero always went together. His family, at the time to which he (Mr. Brougham) alluded, was on shore; and Sir Home thought, "I have exposed myself to the perils of the sea, to the rage of the enemy, and to the persecution of the king's proctor; and, God forbid, when I have an opportunity of seeing my family, that I may stay on board." He accordingly went on shore in a boat. But what became of the boat, or rather, as Mr. Windham has said, of the two boats? That would be presently seen. A soft intercourse was observed to be carried on, during the night, between the boats and Sir Home's family; and the sentimental trips from the ship to the shore continued until morning—(laughter.) But there was another person, whose case was much harder than that of this gallant officer, who had not supplied any of the money necessary for furnishing out the adventure. That individual was Mr. Charnock, of Ostend, who procured the funds that were requisite; so that the person who advanced the money lost all, while he who originally had none, received a very large sum. This was unfortunate for Mr. Charnock; but such circumstances would happen to the best of smugglers. (A laugh.)

Mr. *Canning* said—The only other argument for departing from usage on this subject of the droits, is, that the whole department of the monarchy may be recast, and for the sake of doing away with every vestige of feudal monarchy—That we could erect something new that would merit great praise, I am not prepared to deny. The new fabric might be clean and neat as *the American government, and intelligible as the President of the United States!* But I am unwilling that every trace of antiquity should be done away in the British Constitution. (Hear, hear.) Nothing is so easy as to frame a system that will look neater on paper—a system that, by stripping the king of all exclusive and princely ornaments, would render the monarch and his ministers, in dignity and form, what they are in reality, but in a more suitable and efficient character—the mere functionaries of a people. There is but one step further to complete the improvement: It is, as the king is paid a fixed and stated salary, so that ministers be removed in form as they are in substance, as well as new ministers appointed by this house. The monarch would then be separated from all the darkness of ancient times. But I do not think the friends of Paine's plans would be satisfied with all this. I admit, that the honorble and learned gentleman would be satisfied without removing all the lines of circumvallation which, thank God, the arm of a traitor must pierce before the constitution of this country would remove.

But when nothing was demanded; when the sovereign....he would not say consented...declared that he would receive, with gratitude and satisfaction, the Civil List that had been acquiesced in for four years; when this declaration was made, when the sovereign expressed himself satisfied, and declared that he would have no reduction made upon any sums falling into the country, what was the return? "Aye, but you have other funds, and we wish to have them taken from you; we wish you to be a king after a new fashion; we require your allowances to be limited to your physical wants; *we desire you to rival the President of America.*" (Cheers.) O, incomparable temptation! But he would not be induced by this temptation to strip off trappings which were neither costly to the people nor dangerous to the constitution.

Mr. *Brougham*—In 1812, when we engaged in war with America, the American government allowed six months for all ships to leave their ports after the war commenced. A representation was made of the hardship of not having longer time—longer time was granted. In courts of law in Massachusetts, the question was tried, whether the government had a right to grant such time, or whether, according to common law, which was the same in America as in England, the ships had not become droits of the commonwealth there, as of the crown in England. The courts found that the order of government was conformable to the law of nations; and the ships were enlarged. It was remarkable, that the courts held, not only that the enlargement was conformable to the law of nations, but also to Magna Charta. When the minister of the American government, at the Congress of Ghent, asked for similar indulgence for his countrymen, he did not meet with reciprocal liberality. The answer given to him was, indeed, the only answer which could be given to him under existing circumstances; for it informed him that restitution of the property seized could not be made, as it was not the property of the captors, but the property of the crown. After such a fact, he would ask them, in the first place, whether it was not natural for foreign courts to suspect that wars were sometimes made by our court with no other view than to support this fund? and, in the second, whether the house, if it consented to the measures now proposed by his majesty's ministers, would not be creating another obstacle to the destruction of it? The American government had certainly a right to expect that the English government would adhere to Magna Charta, and Magna Charta expressly declared, that no foreign merchant should suffer, either in his person or in his chattels, upon a declaration of war, though he might be compelled to wait in England until it was ascertained how Englishmen were treated in the other country.

Mr. *Hume* said—Pensions had most enormously increased. In 1661, their amount was only 5,940*l.*, and the whole Civil List only 82,000*l.*—In 1811, pensions amounted to more than 38,000*l.* and in 1812, to more than 49,000*l.* The whole of this sum, too, was connected in its expenditure with political and parliamentary interests. It was employed, not to support the dignity and honor of the crown, but to promote the patronage and influence of ministers, *and to enable them to corrupt the members of that house.* It was his intention, in a few days, to show how the members of that house stood in a situation to be corrupted; *and then those gentlemen who now cheered, would stand before the house in their proper character.*

Domestic.

"IN LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."

ST. LOUIS, (M. T.) JUNE 28.—The journalist has seldom to record a catalogue of greater domestic calamity than occured a few miles west of St. Louis, on Friday morning last.

Mr. Michael Gorman, a native of Queens county, Ireland, and only a few months from the Emerald Isle, with an amiable group of children, most of them arrived to manhood, had purchased a plantation in our neighborhood. Their prospects were fair: independence, health, and every wished for felicity was in view, until the transitory gleam vanished by the following accident:

On the morning above mentioned, the eldest sons of Mr. Gorman, Thomas and Patrick, descended into a well they were digging, and had previously penetrated about 30 feet. Apprehending no danger, they, with Wm. Neal and Thomas Kinchelo, hired laborers, who had descended to assist them, fell victims to the fixed air, which had accumulated in the short period of 20 or 30 hours.

Mr. Wm. Tharp, who resides near the Gormans, had the intrepidity to go down in the bucket, and brought up the four men, one after the other—bled them, but alas, they could not be brought to life.—Mr. G. left Queens county, Ireland, on the 10th June, 1819, and arrived at St. Louis, 4th Dec. following. All the above named, were from the same neighborhood. Michael Gorman, the unhappy father, expresses feelings of gratitude to his kind neighbors, especially to Mr. Tharp.

[The substance that produced these alarming effects, is fixed air, or carbonic acid gas.]

"HOW TO DIE FOR LOVE."

Barnabas Beebe, of Exeter, Otsego county, N. Y. aged 18 years, shot himself on the 9th ult. In the morning he visited a young woman, for whom he had for some time manifested an affection, but who had declined receiving his addresses, and told her if she did not consent to receive them, he would certainly put an end to his life. She treated the remark lightly, and told him she did not believe he would. He retired; and soon after, the report of a pistol was heard. He was found, sitting by the side of a fence, shot through the body. He lived a few hours, and expired.—*Utica paper.*

RALEIGH, JULY 28.

ANOTHER JUDGE RESIGNED.

Archibald D. Murphey, Esq., before he left the city, where he has been for some days attending the Supreme Court, resigned his office as one of the Judges of the Superior Court of Law and Equity in this state.

We learn that his excellency the Governor has notified the Councillors of State to meet here on Monday, the 14th of August, for the purpose of advising with him on the appointment of a Judge to supply the vacancy.

Judge Murphey has also resigned his office of Reporter of the Supreme Court, and Thomas Ruffin, Esq. late one of the Judges of the Superior Court, has been appointed in his place. It is understood that Mr. Murphey will publish the reports of all the decisions which have taken place up to the present court; and that Mr. Ruffin will commence his reports with the cases decided at this term.—*Register.*

Philadelphia, July 20.—U. S. Bank Stock—102½ to 103 this forenoon. In New-York yesterday, sales at 103½.

CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY, (N. C.) TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1820.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"[illegible]" is received, but will not be published. It is objectionable on account both of the *thoughts* and *language*. It is not our wish to exercise the severity of criticism on the pieces of any of our correspondents; but really we begin to fear, that *some* of our readers think it is only necessary for them to *scribble*, and that we, as a matter of course, will *publish*. In this they are mistaken. We have the tastes of other persons to consult, besides the writers of such productions; and our readers would have just cause of complaint, were we to fill up our columns with the conceited scrawls of those who mistake vulgarity for wit.

As for *Whip*, he complains that Club No. 2, has made the town "too intolerable for endurance." It is an old adage, that "the horse *flinches* when the saddle *pinches*." We hope this is not the case with *Whip*; but truly he seems very sensitive on the occasion: and from the specimen before us, were we to bring him forward as the champion of the town, we fear the good citizens would have reason to cry out, as did the lad to the knight of the rueful countenance—"*Sir Knight, all I ask of you, is to give me no more of your protection.*"

It is said that an author, after reading a play to Quin, which was totally devoid of merit, was told by Quin that it would not do, by any means. I wish, said the author, you would advise me what is best to do with it. *That I can*, said Quin—*Blot out one half of it, and burn the other.* If *Whip* finds himself at a loss which *half* of his piece to blot out, we would advise him to burn *the whole*.

☞The editors would be glad of a conference with some one of the members of "The Club."

*** We shall be very happy to hear from *Farrago* often.

☞The articles deposited in our letter-box last evening, came in too late for this day's paper—they will be attended to in our next.

OUR POLITICAL GRIEVANCES.

The Presentment of the Grand Jury of Burke County, which we publish in this day's paper, seems to indicate that the attention of the people in this section of the state is beginning to be excited; that they are awakening from their lethargy, and preparing to demand and to obtain their rights. This is as it should be. It is time for us to *act*; it is time for us to arouse our sleeping energies; to display the spirit and resolution of men, of freemen, in asserting those equal rights of which we are deprived by legalized oppression, but which never can be sanctioned by the immutable principles of justice.

It is matter of astonishment, that the people in the Western part of this state, have submitted so long as they have to the encroachments and domination of the East. It is not because they are ignorant of their rights—it is not because they do not value the privileges which God and nature have granted them, which the blood and sufferings of their fathers have hallowed, and which it would be sacrilege, and high treason against liberty, to yield—it is not because they want the spirit to demand, and the power to obtain them: but it is from that spirit of procrastination, which is a damper to the soul, and to all its noble faculties—it is from that slothful spirit, which inclines them to trudge patiently along under the yoke, justifying themselves with the convenient excuse, that "the time has not yet come." But the time *has come*—the day-spring of emancipation has arisen—the dormant powers of the West are bursting from the lethargy which has enfeebled and degraded them; and the *will* of a united people will, ere long, place them where they ought to be—on an equality with their oppressors. The new census is now taking; and it will exhibit in figures, which cannot deceive, the power and strength of the Western part of North-Carolina—and it will show the impossibility of its submitting any longer to the legal injustice of the East. As soon as the census is completed, and its results published, we shall then take up this subject in earnest; and not we alone, but the whole body of the Western people also.

Foreign News,

And of a very interesting nature, has been received at New-York by the ship Martha, which left Liverpool on the 15th June. We have not yet received any details; we only learn, in general, that the Queen had arrived in England; that she was received by the opposition with the greatest applause, who have taken her part against her husband, George the IV.; and that the king, the day after the arrival of the Queen in London, sent a message to Parliament, a copy of which will be found below.—The result of this movement on the part of the Queen cannot be foreseen. The old method of calculating "effects from causes," has been exploded by the devious course in which political events and national revolutions travel, now-a-days; and by hazarding predictions, we only subject ourselves to the imputation of false prophets.—The *New-York Evening Post* remarks, that "the spirit of dissatisfaction is abroad in *France*; and justifies the apprehension, that serious mischief is brewing." We shall be able to give our readers farther particulars in our next.

MESSAGE OF THE KING.

"George R.

"The king thinks it necessary, in consequence of the arrival of the queen, to communicate to the house of lords certain papers respecting the conduct of her majesty since her departure from this kingdom, which he recommends to the immediate and serious consideration of the house.

"The king has felt the most anxious desire to avert the necessity of any disclosures and discussions, which must be as painful to his people as they can be to himself; but the step now taken by the Queen leaves him no alternative.

"The king has the fullest confidence that, in consequence of this communication, the house of lords will adopt that course of proceeding which the justice of the case, and the honor and dignity of his majesty's crown may require."

Lord Liverpool moved that a *secret* committee 'be appointed, to examine his majesty's most gracious message.' This motion was made the order of the day for the Monday following; but on that day was, on his own motion, postponed until Friday, the 16th. Thus the matter rests.

THE ARMY OF THE U. STATES.

The following statement of the army of the U. States, exhibiting its total for each year since the peace, including officers and privates, is taken from the report of the Secretary of War of January last.

1815	9,413
1816	10,924
1817	8,221
1818	7,676
1819	9,009

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

The Club.....No. IV.

BY TIMOTHY BLACKLETTER.

A short time since, was placed in our hands for inspection, a *manuscript* work, entitled "A Historico Medical Memoir." The perusal of this little volume has given us much pleasure; and for the edification of our readers, we will place before them a short specimen from the 1st chapter, part 1st.

"It has long been a question among the learned, whether the ancients or moderns were greater proficients in the arts and sciences. For my part, I have always held the opinion, that the human mind is progressive—its march is onward towards perfection. Great advances have been made, within the past few thousand years, in every branch of human knowledge; and in none more than in the healing art. Look back, for instance, to the times of Homer, and we see that incantations, and charms, herbs, and potations, constituted the *Materia Medica*, and the grand secrets of the profession in those enlightened days. In the middle ages, the art of physicking was involved still more in obscurity and complication; and even in the age of the great doctor Galen, we find that the science was still wrapt up in all the mysteries of the *cabala*. Every disease had its particular remedy; and to be able to distinguish the disease, and know the medicine, required at least six months previous study. Indeed, in those days, none but men of sense and sobriety could become skilful doctors. Hence, this salutary art was confined to a few hands—to such as Hippocrates and Heraclides of Greece, Celsus and Scribonus of Rome, Galen and his followers of modern times. But, happily for the human family, how different is the case at this time! Now any man....aye, or woman either, without the labor of previous study, can at pleasure become a notable physician.

This great improvement in the art of doctoring began to take place as far back as nearly two centuries ago; and so rapid was the progress, that about the time when the celebrated doctor *Sangrado* flourished, we find the whole practice was simplified down to two prescriptions—*bleeding* and *warm water*. This great man, Sangrado, published a book, in which he sets forth his new theory, and reasoned as follows: In speaking of the perfection of medicine, he says—"Other physicians make this consist in the knowledge of a thousand difficult sciences; but I intend to go a shorter way to work, and spare thee the trouble of studying pharmacy, anatomy, botany and physic: know, all that is required, is *to bleed the patients, and make them drink warm water*."—Vide Sangrado. But such is the progress of the medical mind, that even this practice was soon found to be defective: And, within the 18th century, the doctors of the Edinburgh school discovered that Sangrado was radically wrong in *one* of his specifics. They found, by infallible principles, that *mercury* should be substituted for *warm water*; and that instead of *bleeding and warm water*, it should read, *mercury and the lancet*. With a little mercury, and a sharp pocket lancet, how many benevolent Howards have gone about relieving the sufferings of the afflicted sons of men! But even this epoch was not the perfection of the art—it was reserved to the 19th century to accomplish this great work. The mercury, the lancet, and the warm water systems, are now completely exploded, and the whole art of doctoring reduced down to one single nostrum. In vain have alchymists searched for the secrets of the philosopher's stone! but not in vain have the learned faculty looked for that divine panacea which will relieve every affliction, and cure all diseases!—they have found it!—yes, they have found it, in the ethereal elixir of *paregoric!* Happy discovery!—blessed profession! Doctor Rush often predicted, in his lectures, that the time would come, when medicine would be brought to such perfection as to cure all diseases; and that then there would be no more deaths, but from accidents and old age. But this illustrious man had no idea that the medical millenium was so near at hand; that a liquor would be discovered a cure for all complaints. Yes—is the patient chilled by the icy grasp of tertia and quartana, administer but a few spoon-fulls of paregoric, and all will go well. Does a fever rack his brain, and send the blood in heated currents through his veins, only give a plenty of paregoric, and his sufferings will soon cease. In short, there is no disease, from the simple cholic up to the direful hydrophobia, in which this medicine is not a certain specific. Even when the patient is at the corner, ready to turn off, give it *freely*; for if it don't restore, it will lull him into a kindly slumber, and gently pass him through the valley and shadow of death."

The author of the MS. then goes on to furnish a number of certificates of marvellous cures effected by this wonderful elixir—this "grand restorative of nature."—Some of these we will give to our readers in the course of autumn, when the leaves of the trees, and the patients of the doctors, begin to drop off. * * * *

What a blessing it is to have a plenty of doctors about a little town. There are some persons, however, so superstitious as to tremble as much at the sight of a doctor as at the croaking of the raven: they think both ominous of the same thing. Even the enlightened Mr. Addison lays it down as a maxim, "that as physicians increase, population grows thin." And we know that some of the French writers on economicks, have put down the faculty among the positive checks to population. But we suspect these writers wrote under the influence of prejudice, or before the discovery of the sublime efficacy of the elixir of paregoric.

Strange as it may seem, even some of the poets have arrayed themselves against the faculty. Our readers will remember the story of a certain doctor, who, in the time of Garrick, fancied that he had *wit* enough to write farces. But the actor plainly told him,

"Your farces are physic,
And your physic a farce is."

Quere: Might not the same couplet be applied to some of the faculty of the *present* age, who take it into their heads that they can write *witty pieces?*

But lest we extend this number to an unusual length, we will conclude with one remark: However often the rules of practice may have changed, from the origin of medicine to the present time, there is one article that has never changed—in which all doctors agree—when they get patients, they all think,

To feel the pulses of their fees,
*More wise than fumbling arteries.....*HUDIBRAS.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Presentment of the Grand Jury

Of Burke County (N. C.) Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, for the 4th Monday of July, A. D. 1820.

The Grand Jury for the County of Burke present:—That the present *inequality of representation* existing in the State of North-Carolina, is grievous and oppressive on the population of the middle and Western parts of the State; and particularly so on the citizens of Burke County.

That *all* men are born equal; and that all freemen should have an *equal* power in making the laws by which they are *governed*, are maxims now too well understood to be doubted by the American people.

That the most equitable mode of representation, is in proportion to the population of a country, without regard to the *local* divisions into which that country may be subdivided, is demonstrated by experience, and adopted as the basis of the state governments, and constitution of the United States. That "all political power is vested *in*, and emanates from, the *people*: and that a *majority* of the people of this State *ought* to have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof, when constitutionally assembled," is one of the orthodox principles of a republican government. That the present mode of electing two Commoners and a Senator from each county, regardless of the population thereof, is at war with the first principles of our bill of rights and Declaration of Independence; and deprives a large proportion of the free citizens of the state of an equal power in making the laws by which they are *governed*. That it is unjust, illiberal, and destructive of the rights of a large proportion of the citizens of this state, to allow a county with a population of three or four thousand souls, an equal weight in the government with one containing fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants. That such disproportion does prevail in the present mode of representation in many of the counties of the state, in opposition to the fundamental principles of a republican government, and the invaluable rights of free citizens. That it is oppressive upon the large and populous counties of the middle and Western parts of the state; and does, in effect, subject a large *majority* to the rule and government of the *minority*.

That it is represented to the dispassionate consideration and good sense of the people, if it is not a grievance, and one which ought of right to be obviated;—and that this Grand Jury do consider it as such: And, therefore, it is recommended to their Representatives in particular, and to the good citizens of the state in general, to use all lawful means and ways, consistent with the laws of the land, to cause a *Convention* to be assembled, or such other means to be devised as may remove the grievances of which we complain, and such other grievances as may be then and there considered of.

In testimony whereof, we hereunto set our hands and seals, this 28th day of July, 1820.

ANDREW HUNTER, *Foreman.*	John Hays,
George Haunsucker,	James McDowell,
John Franklin,	Levi Nunnaly,
John Collis,	William Brown,
Charles Ridley,	James Nicholas,
Jesse Pool,	Henry Deal,
Adkins Bracket,	James Howell.
Jacob McElrath,	

The above is a copy of the original Presentment as made to court, and was highly approved of by the Justices sitting, although they were of opinion they had no right, judicially, to interfere with the same, further than to grant leave to the solicitor to publish it.

WM. ROANE, *Solicitor pro the County.*

To the Editors of the Western Carolinian.

GENTLEMEN: I have just now, by chance, laid my hand upon your Prospectus that was issued in the course of last summer. As no part of it has been printed in your paper since its appearance, you will oblige a friend by publishing the following extract from it.

A ROWAN FARMER.

"The population of North-Carolina, in the year 1810, exceeded 550,000 souls: At this time it may, in moderation, be estimated at 700,000 souls. Of this vast sum of population, fully two-thirds of the white proportion reside in that section of the state lying west of the city of Raleigh, and which constitutes by far the most interesting part of our territory, regarding either the soil, the climate, or general character of the inhabitants. Yet, strange it is, in this vast extent of country—(containing a greater population than the states of Rhode-Island and Delaware put together, and more square miles than four of the smaller states)—in this wide extent of country there is not a single newspaper printed, nearer than the town of Milton*—not a solitary press to proclaim our rights, or to enlighten our minds! We receive all from the *east!!*

"By an unjust usurpation of power, a minority of about one-third of our brethren, residing in the counties east of Raleigh, have the complete control of every branch of the State Government. *They* make the laws for *us*; they elect the Governor; they appoint the judges that preside in our courts; and, as if to complete their dominion, we humbly acknowledge a dependence upon them even for *newspapers* to inform our minds! These are facts that require no comment—they proclaim, that the *common interest of the West* calls aloud for the establishment of an independent newspaper in the midst of us; one that will partake of our feelings, defend our rights, and spread useful knowledge among the people.

"In this capacity, we present to the public the *Western Carolinian*, whose very name indicates its principles."

* The HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER, at that time, had not commenced.

UNITED STATES' MINT.

The amount of gold bullion deposited in the mint, from the 1st of January, 1818, to the 31st of December, 1819, was 19,108 ounces, 5 penny-weights and 22 grains; equal to 359,703 dollars.

Gold coins made at the mint in the same year, 51,723 half-eagles.

In the same year, the coinage in silver was 149,000 quarter-dollars, and 2,208,000 half-dollars.

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS.

It may not, perhaps, be improper, for the guidance of persons who have heretofore received pensions under the act of Congress providing for revolutionary services, to state explicitly the grounds on which such pensions are discontinued under the act passed at the last session. Such information will save to persons whose names have been placed on the pension list, and whose circumstances in life will now exclude them therefrom, both expense and trouble. According to the construction given by the Attorney General, and under which the Secretary of War decides, the law contemplates those only who are unable to support themselves without the aid of private or public charity. In every case, the following points are considered: the occupation of the pensioner, his age, his ability to work, his family residing with him, the number of them, their ages and ability to work, and, lastly, his property, and the description of it; and, wherever it appears, under all circumstances, that the condition of the pensioner is such as to be able to live without the aid of charity, his name will be invariably stricken from the pension rolls.—*National Intelligencer.*

STRENGTH OF THE UNION,

Compiled from the general abstract of returns of the militia of the United States, made to the House of Representatives on the 30th March, 1820, by the President.

	No. of Militia.	*No. of Rep. to Con.*
New-Hampshire,	26,203	6
Mass. and Maine,	74,088	20
Vermont,	20,731	6
Rhode-Island,	8,567	2
Connecticut,	23,346	7
New-York,	121,533	27
New-Jersey,	35,240	6
Pennsylvania,	114,261	24
Delaware,	7,451	3
Maryland,	32,189	9
Virginia,	85,967	22
North-Carolina,	49,782	13
South-Carolina,	33,729	9
Georgia,	29,561	6
Alabama,	10,315	1
Louisiana,	9,894	1
Mississippi,	5,291	1
Tennessee,	40,000	6
Kentucky,	52,883	10
Illinois,	2,031	1
Indiana,	14,990	1
Ohio,	76,890	6
TOTAL,	875,932	186

Notice.

THE firm of *A. NISBITT & CO.* at Mocks' Old Fields, Rowan County, is dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm, or having demands against them, are requested to make application to the subscriber for settlement.

A. NISBITT.

Mocks' Old Field, July 27, 1820. 4w8

10 Dollars Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, some time since, a negro man named *HANNIBAL*, between 30 and 35 years of age, and 5 feet 8 or nine inches high. It is supposed he is lurking somewhere in Salisbury, or the adjoining settlements. Whoever will apprehend said runaway and commit him to Gaol, and give me information thereof, shall receive the above reward.

H. B. SATTERWHITE.

Wilkesborough, (N. C.) July 22, 1820.

Five Dollars Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, a few days since, a black boy, named *GEORGE*, belonging to Dr. Ferrand. He is about five feet four inches high, full faced, very black, and very stout made. He is somewhere in the neighborhood of Salisbury, or Mr. Macnamara's plantation, as I have been informed. I will give the above reward to any one who will apprehend the said George, and deliver him to me, or lodge him in Gaol, so that I get him again.

THOMAS HOLTON.

Salisbury, August 1, 1820. 3w8

Two Dollars Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, living in Salisbury, on the 5th instant, a negro girl by the name of *LIZZA*. It is supposed that the said girl is in the neighborhood of Mrs. Steel's plantation. I will give the above reward on the delivery of the girl, or for information of her being lodged in any Gaol in this state. All persons are forewarned of harboring said girl, under penalty by law prescribed.

WM. DICKSON.

July 18, 1820.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

CABARRUS COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, July Term, 1820.

Caleb Erwin, vs. *William Erwin.* } Original Attachment. Alexander White summoned as Guardian.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, William Erwin, resides beyond the limits of this State, it is therefore ordered that publication be made for three weeks, in the *Western Carolinian*, a newspaper printed in the town of Salisbury, that unless the defendant appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Cabarrus, at the Court-House in Concord, on the third Monday in October next, and then and there plead, answer, &c.—Judgment final will be taken against him according to the plaintiff's demand. Witness John Travis, Clerk of our said Court, at office, the third Monday of July, A. D. 1820, and the 45th year of American Independence.

3w8p JOHN TRAVIS, *Clerk.*

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,

CABARRUS COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions—July Term, 1820.

Jane Hute, vs. *Josiah Shian.* } Original Attachment, levied on lands.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of this Court, that the defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this state: Ordered, therefore, that publication be made for three weeks in the *Western Carolinian*, a newspaper printed in the town of Salisbury; that unless the said defendant appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Cabarrus, at the court-house in Concord, on the third Monday of October next, then and there replevy or plead, judgment will be taken against him, according to the plaintiff's demand. Witness *John Travis*, Clerk of our said Court, at office, the third Monday of July, Anno Domini 1820, and of American Independence the 45th.

3w8p JOHN TRAVIS, *Clerk.*

State of North-Carolina,

ROWAN COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Sessions, 1820.

Benjamin Owen, Adm'r of George Owen, deceased, vs. *Gasper Owen, Anthony Owen.* } *Petition to sell Real Estate.*

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, Anthony Owen, resides out of the State, it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the *Western Carolinian*, that the defendant appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Rowan, at the Court-House in Salisbury, on the third Monday in August next, then and there to plead, answer, or demur to said petition, or judgment will be entered according to prayer of said petition.

3w7 *Test.* JNO. GILES.

Letter Press Printing,

Of every description, neatly and correctly executed at this Office, and on short notice.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires....SCOTT.

FROM THE BALTIMORE PATRIOT.

Mr. Editor—The following poetical effusion, from the pen of a young lady of this city, was occasioned by hearing the opinion supported, that a true affection may be entirely eradicated. If you think it has sufficient merit for a place in your paper, you are at liberty to insert it.

Oh say, can the heart that has once loved so true,
So soon become cold, and indifferent prove?
Can remembrance the scenes of past pleasures review,
And yet not awaken one feeling of love?

Can the image that once was engraved on the soul,
Be forever erased, and no trace left behind?
No remains of the powers whose dear magic control,
Sweetly governed the heart it so closely entwined?

Can the beam from that eye whose mild glances could fire
The soul with such pleasure, be met with disdain?
And the voice whose soft notes could such rapture inspire,
Produce no emotion, no pleasure again?

No! the heart that has once loved, can never forget,
Nor view with indifference the object once dear;
While memory lives, with a feeling regret,
Its feelings will still give their tribute—*a tear*.

Then think not the image is ever effaced,
From the heart whose worn cares it could sweetly beguile;
Oh no! 'tis still loved—it can ne'er be erased,
Though the heart may appear to be happy awhile.

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Female Literature

OF THE PRESENT AGE.

FROM THE NEW (LONDON) MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Of female authors now living, Joanna Baillie is, perhaps, endowed with the richest poetical genius. She first, in our own time, dared to seek those old and long neglected fountains of inspiration in which the dramatist of Elizabeth's age delighted. In the expression of deep feeling, she has all their intensity and grandeur, and in her airy playfulness, much of their fantastical beauty. She has greatly injured her own popularity, by her perverse determination to make the developement of a single passion the sole purpose of a play. The passions in nature are not simple. Even in the sternest and most decided characters, a thousand varieties of emotion are blended. Besides, the contest of high passions, the struggle and contention of noble natures, are the grandest subjects of tragedies. The tragic poet should not confine his efforts to the framing of one image of inimitable sublimity and grace, and to the endowing of it with energetic life; but should strive to complete groups of exquisite workmanship, where the figures contend with others or with destiny in mortal strife, but over which some harmonizing and softening atmosphere breathes. Miss Baillie has failed, also, in attempting comedy. Her stately language cannot be festooned into light and graceful varieties. But in her own high and peculiar walk, she is unrivalled and alone.—No female step has ever penetrated so far as hers into those regions of poetry, which are sacred to tragic passion—where the lone and dark stream of emotion flows mournfully on, reflecting tender images of overarching groves, and the silent grandeur of the heavens.

MRS. HEMANS.

Nearest to Miss Baillie in poetical genius is, perhaps, Mrs. Hemans, who has recently started into fame. As the genius of the former leads her to romantic poetry, that of the latter tends to the classical. Her images are more "in the sun," more bright and goodly in palpable form, than those of any other author of the present time. Her poetry is full of glorious shapes instinct with spirit. She has little of sad retrospection, little of the "pale cast of thought," and nothing of metaphysical subtlety. Her muse wears no pensive livery, but is "sky-tinctured," and radiant in youthful bloom. Her poetry is scarcely in the spirit of these times, which leans to the philosophic or the intense, but is replete with grace and beauty which can never become obsolete while nature shall endure.

MISS MITFORD.

With these great names that of Miss Mitford is worthy to be united. Her poems are replete with all the sweetest and most characteristic qualities of womanhood. A sensibility the finest and the most genuine, and a perception of beauty the most quick and refined, are manifested in all her writings. The gleams of her imagination constantly fall on little tendernesses and dear immunities of the heart, and shed on them a sacred radiance.—She is able to seize and perpetuate those graces of nature which are in themselves the most evanescent and subtle. Her images often seem to be of the rainbow and of the golden and fleecy clouds. Her Maid of the South Seas is one of the most captivating of poetical romances.

HANNAH MORE.

It would be unjust to decide on the merits of Miss Hannah More, chiefly from her poetry. In verse she seldom attains higher excellence than elegance of style and correctness of expression. Her tragedies are cold dialogues in stately blank verse, which exhibit occasional vigor of thought, but are not steeped either in fancy or in passion. The violence of her catastrophes forms a singular contrast to the declamatory expressions of sorrow, not deep but loud, by which they are preceded. It is on her moral and religious essays that she will build the most enduring part of her fame. She has great earnestness of expostulation, great purity of thought, and great felicity of language. Without any inane gaudiness of phraseology—with no seeming effort to write splendid things—she illustrates every subject with beautiful images. If she clothes truth, it is in the chastest attire. Her only fault, as a moralist, is her want of genial and expansive sympathy. She looks on humanity as from a distance, from a height of personal virtue, like a being of another sphere. It is not that she wants charity—for she pities all human weaknesses, and is anxious to relieve all human distresses—but she does not grasp her fellows with a warm and cordial hand, or regard their errors with that spirit of allowance which those always feel who live tenderly along the lines of human sympathies. We are not in love with the heroine of Cœlebs. Still we must not forget that Miss More has done much to soften the prejudices of bigotry among those who would scarcely have listened to her, had she been less apart from the world. Those will read Cœlebs, who turn from the divine Clarissa with pious horror. The admirers of Miss More can scarcely regard the drama as an accursed thing. Thus are bigots carried a little out of themselves and their sect, and made to feel that humanity is made of other stuff than systems or creeds.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Mrs. Barbauld, like Miss More, excels chiefly in prose. She is one of the most elegant of modern essayists. The justice, the wisdom, and the beauty, of her "Essay on the Folly of Inconsistent Expectations," cannot be praised too highly. Without in the least overstepping the fit limits to ornament in prose, she often gives a pleasure nearly similar to that excited by exquisite poetry. Her hymns for children breathe a tenderness which Christianity so divinely inspires for "those little ones."

From Humboldt's Travels in America.

THE COW TREE.

Amid the great number of curious phenomena which have presented themselves to me in the course of my travels. I confess there are few that have so powerfully affected my imagination as the aspect of the cow tree Whatever relates to milk, whatever regards corn, inspires an interest which is not merely that of the physical knowledge of things, but is connected with another order of ideas and sentiments. We can scarcely conceive how the human race could exist without farinaceous substances and without that nourishing juice which the breast of the mother contains, and which is appropriated to the long feebleness of the infant. The amylaceous matter of corn, the object of religious veneration among so many nations, ancient and modern, is diffused in the seeds, and deposited in the roots of vegetables; milk, which serves us as an aliment, appears to us exclusively the produce of animal oaganizations. Such are the impressions we have received in our earliest infancy; such is also the source of that astonishment which seizes us at the aspect of the tree just described. It is not here the solemn shades of forests, the majestic course of rivers, the mountains wrapt in eternal frost, that excite our emotion. A few drops of vegetable juice recal to our minds all the powerfulness and fecundity of nature. On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with coriaceous and dry leaves. Its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stone.—For several months of the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; but, when its trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk It is at the rising of the sun that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The blacks and natives are then seen hastening, from all quarters, furnished with large bowls, to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at its surface. Some employ their bowls under the tree itself; others carry the juice home to their children. We seem to see the family of a shepherd, who distributes the milk to his flock.

To a Lady who had sent her Lover a Kiss in Letter.

Thanks to my gentle absent friend;
A kiss, you in your letter send,
But ah! the thrilling charm is lost,
In kisses that arrive by post.
That fruit can only tasteful be,
When gathered newly from the tree.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

THE DEATH BED OF THE ELDER.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

There he stood, still as an image in his grandfather's eyes, that, in their dimness, fell upon him with delight. Yet, happy as was the trusting child, his heart was devoured by fear—and he looked as if one word might stir up the flood of tears that had subsided in his heart. As he crossed the dreary and dismal moors, he had thought of a corpse, a shroud and a grave; he had been in terror, lest death should strike in his absence, the old man, with whose grey hairs he had so often played; but now he *saw* him alive, and felt that death was not able to tear him away from the clasps, links, and fetters, of his grand-child's embracing love.

"If the storm do not abate," said the sick man, after a pause, "it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the kirkyard."—This sudden approach to the grave, struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy—and with a long deep sigh, he fell down with his face like ashes on the bed, while the old man's palsied right hand, had just strength to lay itself upon his head—"Blessed be thou, my little Jamie, even for his own name's sake who died for us on the tree!"—The mother, without terror, but with an averted face, lifted up her loving hearted boy, now in a dead fainting fit, and carried him into an adjoining room, where he soon revived: but that child and that old man, were not to be separated; in vain was he asked to go to his brothers and sisters; pale, breathless, and shivering, he took his place as before, with eyes fixed on his grandfather's face, but neither weeping nor uttering a word. Terror had frozen up the blood of his heart; but his were now the only dry eyes in the room; and the Pastor himself wept, albeit the grief of fourscore is seldom vented in tears

"God has been gracious to me, a sinner," said the dying man. "During thirty years that I have been an elder in your Kirk, never have I missed sitting there on Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me; it was on a Tuesday she died—and on Saturday she was buried. We stood together when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath I joined in the public worship of God—she commanded me to do so the night before she went away. I could not join the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there, so was my heart; but Thou whom, through the blood of Christ, I hope to see this night in Paradise, knowest, that from that hour to this day, never have I forgotten thee!"

This old man ceased speaking—and his grandchild, now able to endure the scene, for strong passion is its own support, glided softly to a little table, and bringing a cup in which a cordial had been mixed, held it in his small soft hands to his grandfather's lips. He drank, and then said, "Come close to me, Jamie, and kiss me for thy own and thy father's sake;" and as the child fondly pressed his rosy lips on those of his grandfather, so white and withered, the tears fell over all the old man's face, and then trickled down on the golden head of the child, at last sobbing in his bosom.

"Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not thy father nor thy mother, for that thou knowest and feelest is the commandment of God"

The broken hearted boy could make no reply.—He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the old loving man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, to his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees. and hid her face with her hands:—"Oh! if my husband knew but of this—he would never. never, desert his dying father!" and I now knew that the Elder was praying on his death bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time, the minister took the family Bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth Psalm" and he read with a tremulous and broken voice, these beautiful verses:

Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee;
And in thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?

The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express.

The small congregation sung the noble hymn of the Psalmist to "Plaintive martyrs worthy of the name." The dying man himself, ever and anon, joined in the holy music; and when it feebly died away on his quivering lips, he continued still to follow the tune with the motion of his withered hand, and eyes devoutly and humbly lifted up to Heaven —Nor was the sweet voice of his loving grand-child unheard; as the strong fit of deadly passion had dissolved in the music, he sang with a sweet and silvery voice, that to a passer-by had seemed that of perfect happiness; a hymn sung in joy upon its knees by gladsome childhood, before it flew out among the green hills, to quiet labor or gleesome play. As that sweetest voice came from the bosom of the old man, where the singer lay in affection, and blended with his own so tremulous, never had I felt so affectingly brought before me the beginning and the end of life, the cradle and the grave.

Ere the psalm was over, the door was opened and a tall fine looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery and remorse. Agitated, confounded and awe struck by the melancholy and ciggs-like music, he sat down on a chair—and looked with ghastly face towards his father's death bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said with a solemn voice, "My son—thou art come in time, to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shines over the Hazle Glen, win thee from the error of thy ways. Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three years past your shadow has not darkened the doors of the House of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice—now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to Heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man with much effort, advanced to the bed side, and at last found voice to say, "Father—I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home soon as I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover—and if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William, kneel down by the bed side, and let my hand find the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble—Long wert thou the joy, and pride of my soul—aye, too much the pride, for there was not in all the parish, such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts—Could I die for thy sake—could I purchase thy salvation with the outpouring of thy father's blood—but this the Son of God has done for thee, who hast denied him! I have sorely wept for thee—aye, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee my son, my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and sterner countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?" "Oh! press him not so badly," said the weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she had tried to conceal herself in grief, fear and shame, "spare, oh! spare my husband—he has ever been kind to me;" and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft white arm mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as that solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did that unhappy man decline encircling, with his arm the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father, the 25th, 26th and 27th verses of the 11th chapter of the Gospel, according to St. John." The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and with a voice of pity, condolence and pardon, said "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them—there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed side. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choaked voice he said—"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

"This is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in Heaven."

The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime—"Into thy hands, oh God, I commit my spirit," and so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long and deep silence, and the father, and mother, and child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the *Death Bed of the Elder*.

EREMUS.

PRAYER.

The mercy-seat in heaven is our surest and sweetest refuge in every hour of distress and darkness upon earth; this is our daily support and relief, while we are passing through a world of temptations and hardships to the rest in the promised land.